

P. 3

Which wort faith theron to me? And doth he w
Then by this peccat that he doth do, he doth
Therfore doth he do this? And by this he doth
Amisse with the sume of infidelite.

For contrary to sayth there is no sinne
But only the sume of infidelite
Therefore an erroure such preachers did bring in
Which did attrame here manys justicys be of the
Wy only sayth, excluding charite
As bring any helpe towarde manys infidelite
But only sayth alone to haue that off.

That doctrine, qd I, I did never sayn to ch. 1.
For I know S. James doth it represente.
This stroke before the matter shoulde come
For say that of I may the make no exame
S. I. qd the I. did mo lese intent
But how to iearne if thou hast a wpl.
Thou seest how faith is no faith, & yet is faith syl.

It is true, qd I, I do perceyn it to be.
Then of howe qd he, conceyue thin knaile
That as I before unto the did tel
If man do set selfe lone in the wronge place
Agawis godis comandemente d say for to spalle
But where per a fancie into thy head fel
What selfe lone could no way be taken wel.

To loue him selfe every man is ben
What man aline is theri that wil consent,
Unto him selfe to be iniurious,
which beastes wil not do same noz furious:

Truly, qd I, and if experiance
Be a readie rule this to demonstrate,
How man loues him selfe, then the euidence
Showeth his loue to be so inordinate,
That by that selfe loue he doth accumulate
Plagues of god to raigne vpon him alway:
This loue doth man turne to his owne de-

By selfe loue we se the man which is
That which in other he doth most det
In him selfe of him selfe is most loue
In none other man the like vice doth
For he that with other vices is op
He loueth those that in the like do
Because they agre vnto his appre

The lechour loueth those that
The slouthful man loue that in
The spitesful man loue that be
The wzaithful man loue that to
The gloton loueth those that d
The couetous man that loueth a
Loueth those whiche do loue his e
D. 1.

Lord god (Qd he) howe longe wilst thou be blinder
Of al sondre soules theri I haue ralst withal
Moze fol in one I did never synde
And the cause why that thou therin doest fal
Is thine ignorance as here poure I say
There is sayth which is no sayth, so say we,
I loue and yet no loue this deceaueth me.

This is that (qd I) which doth most misdeeme
Now thou commest in with subtile sophy
It is and it is not, who can this conceyue,
One thing to be the same thing and yet is it not
I pray the be playner to me (qd I)
For of these darke riddles I can no say
I speake playne truthe before and that I hold v.

For as for me I speake by experiance.
Selfe loue to man thou seest inordinate,
No man therof doth take intelligence,
Witness I take of the meanest estate,
Which tow probations are in such rate,
That very wel of them bothe conclude I may,
It is most true that I before did say,

For that thing which thignoant can disceerne,
And also that which experiance doth teache,
Two better rules as prafes no man can leue,
To knowledge of whiche every child can teache,
Therefore from the here to make aduise,
I neve take no man for though thou doest to me,
For al thy high reasong are not worth a pinn.

D. 1. I think

Pretending to know that they could never teach.

Then thignozaunt hearing ignorauntly,
Thignozaunt teach with his reasons blinde,
They thought theyre yngly that his learning was to his
With he had straunge a new doctrine could find.
They thought him a prophet by the lord assynd,
To reduce to god both the poore and riche,
So the blinded the blinde, a both fel in the dicthe.

And of this sort the number was not smal.
Therefore do I much wonder now at the,
That thignozaunte for wytnes would tal.
In a matter wherin they do nothing al.
But yet I wonder lesse I remembre me,
With into learned men ignoraunce hath crept,
Which did the ignoraunte to that office accept.

And also where thou sayest that experience,
Dost teach that selfe loue is so inordinate,
That take, it can not be in a good sense,
By folyssemen thou dost demonstrate,
For sith man in this must gods word imitate,
To loue his neighbour as hym selfe alwaye,
Would God man by selfe loue should hym disobe.

Thon

But yet to my purpose hereto to go.
Gods good creatures man turns to his wond.
By loue unto them so inordinate
That geate by this loue in hym is frustrate.

What doth man unto al kinde of vice,
But the loue that to hym selfe he doth beare,
Wherunto his affection doth him entice,
As for worldy thinges hym selfe to forsware,
To rob and to steale he thinkes hym selfe cleare,
To loue to hym selfe doth hym so blinde singe
Wherupon selfe he doth never finde.

And merchaunt vsing merchaundise
By loure taketh great paine
In selfe doth make hym dispise: againe
The shold woxe for comoditie
Whch feareth with catel & grayne
In selfe darply we se on chayre
Cause make a scarsticall.

Inded men for to rapte their rent
Ades to hours bpin storer
Jones to hanony to content
In spy to gape for mazee
Stikes exours out to roze
Wreath of mazee mazee
Hys but selfe loue only.

Examples

I thynke sure qd she, no poe could paynt
One more aptly this wold to reprent.
For never heard I yet reaons more saynt
And in haine babling so many wordes spent
Yet before dictione of wit impudent
Thou tristness as though thou haddest thy desier,
Ly he him that would bragge lyng in the met.

Wher thou sayst I fal to sophistrie
I say there is a sayth, whiche truly
Sayth, but thou must confirme why:
I say in al chayrman men indifferently
Touching the nature of sayth certaynly
Is a true sayth, but in gods acceptation
It is not accepted without good conuersacion.

And then not being of god regarded
Better it were to haue no sayth at al.
For, hym halbe better rewarded
By sayth leste pameis hel infernal,
Then he alse chayrman which from god doth fal,
I wyl be burped in hel
Then he that of Christ did never here tel.

Then because that sayth without good living
Bungeth to man greater damnation
I call it no sayth, but yet not meaning
But that sayth is by true nominatioun
As by scripture I can by the probation
The lyme of chayrmen which come to late
Wer amys our per doctat at the gate.

Saying

Beleno thy selfe, for maner of maner to speare
 I ma nichis hanyng with haner, than can not be told
 Good myghter lawe thy selfe being compaid
 Be sevable, cleyn, manly and i were thou no othe
 Be wise, ready, and wel advised, for time tryeth trouth
 Thou doost thy maister no worship thy self no honesty
 Be not chekmate with thy maister, for a wro gne soure
 Such a seruant contyneth to longis he passe one houre
 Few words in a seruant deserueth commendationg
 Such as be of much speach, be of euel operations
 Be not to bolde with men aboue thee in dege
 In age, bythor, substance, to dlynnes wil do thee honesty
 Take pain in youth, slouch is dulnes, be attendant & wise
 Be diligent, suffer a tyme, an euel seruant is ful of vice
 But not thy maister to paynt with thy fayned futeyse
 Wile men will be wile, for the wile
 And, in yore tyme, god perceiue by yore yng of other
 Bethou thy, to the more shal thou perceiue in another
 Bouen thou thy tung and let not thy word maister thee
 If ye follow euel ye are lyke him þ wil not thyue perdy
 Obstinancy is great folly, in the that shal haue reason
 That wil not knowe no; amend, ther wile be so gealon
 In displeasur e forbere thy felowlay all malyce apart
 Nor meddle not with such as ye thynk to be overthware
 A hasty or wylful master, that oft chaungeth seruant
 and a seruant fletting lacketh wit & honesty I thee wara
 Chalige not oft seruantes, for it betokeneth a seruant light
 He careth for no man, nor none for him, in wronge ne right
 Attendant seruant shal dede in hys for his aduantage
 Promoted shall he be in ofice or see, easier to lyue in age
 Use honest pastyme, talk or sing or some instrument vse
 Though they be thy betters, they wil not thee refuse

B. iii, To

On tockes or batches for to renne
 Elles to strake a grounde at tyburne
 Ther were a mylchenuous case
 For that tocke of tyburne is so perillous a place
 Ponge galantes dare not venter into kente
 But when theyr money is gone and spent
 With theyr longe boates they rowe on the baye
 And ony man of warre lyte by the waye
 They must take a boate and thowre the helme ale
 And full harde it is to scape that great ioperdy
 For at saynt thomas of watryng & they stryke sayle
 Tha must they ryde in þ haue of hempe without sayle
 And were not these two ioperdous plies in dede
 There is many a marchaunt that the ther woldes spede
 But yet we haue a sure canell at westmynster
 A thousande iappes of theues therin may ryde sure
 For if they haue anker holde & great spendynke
 They may lyue as mycy as one kyng.
 God wote ther is a pyteous lyuyng
 Than ye dzedre not the grete maister aboue
 None forke thy mylfe for his loue
 And than mayst thou come to the blyse also.
 Quy why what wolde you that I shulde do
 For to go towarde heuen.
 Mary and you wyl me therther bryng
 I wold do after you.
 I praye you remembre my wordes now
 Frewyl bethynke the that thou shalte dye
 And of the houre thou arte uncertayne
 Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedie
 For and thou dye in lyne all labour is in payne
 Than shall thy lowle be styll in payne
 Lost and dampned for euermore
 Helpe is past though thou woldes sa me

Persue.
 3. 16. c. 2
 Frewyl
 Contem.
 Frewyl.
 Persue.

Indamende or de the dyawe his daught
 For on the he wylle stle full softe
 He gyueth never no man watryng
 And euer to the he is comyng
 Therfore remembre the well.
 Imag. A boresone yf I were Iaier of hell
 I wyl somone for owe shalde thou se
 For to the deuyll I woldes the sell
 Than shulde ye haue manys a sor y mely
 I wyl never gyue you mete ne dynke
 þe shulde fast hozelons tyl þe dyd synke
 Euen as a rotten dogge ye by saynt Thomas of kent,
 Perseue. Imagynacyon thyng what god dyd for the
 On good fedydare he hanged on a tree
 And spent all his precious blode
 A shere dyd true his harte asondre
 The gates he brake up with a clappe of thider
 And a damand Eue thre desyred he.
 Imag. Qua hat deuyll what is that to me
 By goddes fast I was ten yere in newgate
 And many more felowes with me late
 þe he never came there to helpe me ne my company
 Contem. Ques he holpe the or thou haddest not ben here now
 Imag. By the masse I can not shewe you
 For he and I never hanke together
 yet I knowe many an ale stake
 Neþher at þ strewes I wyl hym never come ther
 Goþ he acayd in whyte or in blacke
 For and he out of payson had holpe me
 I knowe well ones I shulde hym le
 neþer gowone were thre be. I praye you
 Persue. Sry haþe you by þe myght
 Imag. I can not tell you by this lyght
 But neþer haþe I lat I loze þere to longe

For your promiseth repays to such as may you marriag
Amidg gentleme, for remeles, to gentlewome for mariage
Se your eye be indylterent, among women that be says
And tel them wrotyes of loue, & so to you they wil repay,
Such psalyme sometyme doth many a man aduance
In way of mariage and your good name it wil enhalfe
Of worldly pleasure it is a treasure, for to say truthe
To wed a gentle wome of his bargayn he never euel
What is most trouble to a man, of all thyngs lyuyng
a cursed wome shoulteth his life, & bringeth on his ending
Wome nice & not wyle, maketh me wher they shuld sleep
Lyke as a fether in the wether, of such I take no keep
Fulgentius declarereth, de nuptiis in Lana Galile
The condytions of men & wome, a parte I wil shew ye
He lyketh Christe to a good man, thaueter of all vertuyte
To rule him self, and all things to obey to manerly
He lykeneth a good wome to the mytrue of humilitie
In the is ~~cor~~^{the} natience, wher swicheith sayth by charitey
Faith and leyd in good wome, wold in deed an. word
Louyng God obeying theyr husbandes, cleane at bed & bord
likened wome to idols take for gods, yet they wet deuils
Judge ye if women now be corrupt, with any such euels
Women to blame or desame, I wil dispraise none
Say as ye lyst, women are sl to trust, all thyngs but one
Say, & good are two qualtyes, scarcely in one body seen
Faynes is soon seen, her patiecie, & goodnes is il to deeme
For to laue h a man wuld haue is at large wabout a keper
Who can say that wyl away, for wabout restraint let her
To wed a wome that is bothe fayre and wyle
Is to haue enough for hymself & for her as much thyse
The best lying is a wome, when she is yng cleene & lyght
Wher h wylt seeble thy body and hed, and walt thy light
Who is il to plesse, whose hart and eye is insatiable
In olde man & a yng woman, to satify is incurable

mebetti

Frewyl.	That thou wylte curse the tyme that thou were borne Syr syz ye wyl v iderake that I sayd shall be I wyl do al the penaunce that you wyl set me Of that thou for thy synnes be sooy
Contem.	Our lozde wyl forgyue th: them Now of all my synnes I aske god mercy
Frewyl.	Here I forlake synnes and trust to amendc I beseeche Iesu that is most myghty To forgyue all that I haue offended
Perseue.	Our lozde wyl now shewe the his mercy A newe name thou nedest none to haue For all that wyl to heuen hye By his owne free wyl he must forlake folg Than is he lare and laue.
Contom.	Holde here a newe garment And here after lyue deuoutly And for thy synnes do euer repent Sozowen for thy synnes is very remedy And frewyll euer to vertue apply And to sadness gyue ye attendaunce Let hym neuer be out of your remembraunce
Frewyll	I wyl neuer from you syz Perseuerance With you wyl I abyde bothe daye and nyght Of mynde neuer to be varypable And goddes comandementes to kepe them yrghc In wozde and dede and euer full stable
Perseue.	Than heurn thou shalte haue without fable But loke that thou be euer fedaft And let thy mynde with good wyl last.
Inigy.	Husse husse husse who sent after me I am Imaginacion full of Ioyte Loide that my harte is lyght Whan shall I peryshe. I wote neuer Wherch I leke nor a fother.

Curstow I was dubbed a knyght
And where at tyme boute of the collar
And of the swes I am made contolle
Of all the houses of lechery
There shall no man playe doctry there
At the bell hertes horne ne elles where
Without they haue leue of me
But sygnes wote ye why I am come hyther
By our lady to gathur good company together
Sawe ye not of my felowe frewyll
I am a ferde leste be lechynge on a hyll
By god than one of vs is begyled
What felowe is this that in this cote is syled
Lockes de the whom haue we here
What frewyll myne owne fere
Arte thou out of thy mynde
God graunt the waye to hemen that I may synde
For I forlase thy company.
Goddes armes my company answry.
For thou lyvest to synfully.
Alas tell me how it is with the.
Forlase thy synne for the loue of me.
Hocke herte arte thou wared mad.
Whan I thynke on my syn it maketh me full sad.
Goddes wounde who gaue the that counsell.
Perseuerance and Contemplacion I the tell
I vengeaunce on them I wold they were in hell
Amende Imagynacyon and mercy crye
By goddes sydes I had leuer be hanged on hye,
Nay that wolde I not I had leuer dye
By goddes passyon and I had a longe knyfe
I wolde bereue these two hyslones of theyr lyfe
Hewe hewe twenty pounde for a dagger.
Peas peas good soule and spreke lester.

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